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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 25, 1900. NUMBER 8

THEODORE PARKER:

PREACHER AND REFORMER.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

1 Vol. Crown 8vo, - - - - - - - - - $2.00.

The story of Theodore Parker's life, told by Mr. Chadwick, cannot fail to be of uncommon interest. Parker was a conspicious figure while he lived, and the forty years which have passed since he died and which have buried so many reputations once eminent have served rather to relieve Parker's memory from unjust estimates and to reveal him to the world as one of the great religious leaders of America. While living he was regarded by many as a dangerous heretic; now he is gladly recognized as one whose heresies anticipated much of the more liberal orthodoxy of our time, who was a robust believer in the great essentials of religion, a powerful preacher of personal and social righteousness, a stout reformer and a man of great nobility of mind and heart.

Mr. Chadwick's Life aims to show the man just as he was, the work he did, the influence he exerted. Written with full sympathy and admiration, it is not panegyric but vital portraiture. It is a book of unusual literary charm, and as it depicts a great and beautiful character, it promises to be one of the most interesting and permanently valuable works of American biography.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

APPEAL

To the Manufacturers of, and Dealers in Lumber, Hardware, Builders' Materials and Household Goods, and to the Business Men in General of the United States.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, October 7, 1900.

Gentlemen: By the conditions which surround us, conditions which only those seeing them would be likely to conjecture, and none so likely as yourselves to comprehend, we are constrained to address you.

This unfortunate seaport island and town had four weeks ago a population of about forty thousand persons. In one day and night it is estimated that approximately ten thousand of these were either drowned or killed by the fury of the storm. The buildings were largely slate or metal roofed; this broken rock must have been hurled through the air like cannon shot. The bodies found are badly mangled.

We believe it is reliably stated that there is not one house in the area of the storm undamaged by it. A large proportion of those persons formerly occupying them are entirely without homes, or even shelter, save such as persons nearly as destitute as themselves can offer them temporarily, to their own great inconvenience and cost.

The number of this homeless class is estimated at eight thousand or more. Winter is less than two months away. Although a mild climate, still snow and ice are known here. If tents would protect, which they would not, the sea sand and the quicksand would not hold them down; the first norther would leave their occupants as unsheltered as before, and hardships, colds, pneumonia and consumption would finish what the storm has left.

Some substantial shelter must be had at once for these people, and it would seem to be the duty of those on the ground to put the facts in an intelligent form before the people of the country, who are not here and can not see for themselves and who could not comprehend without seeing.

With this view the National Red Cross has, with the co-operation of the general committee, obtained estimates of the best known architects of the vicinity regarding the material needed for the construction of the necessary number of houses, tenements or homes for the suitable sheltering of these now unsheltered thousands of suffering people.

The following is a summary made up from these joint plans, and represents substantially the lumber and building material that would be required to shelter about eight thousand people in the most ordinary one-story, weather-proof houses, built singly or in blocks of tenements.

SUMMARY.

Rough Lumber, spruce or Pine:

- 35,000 pieces 2x10, 16 feet long.
- 4,000 pieces 6x6, 16 feet long.
- 3,500 pieces 4x6, 16 feet long.
- 5,500 pieces 4x4, 16 feet long.
- 6,500 pieces 2x4, 16 feet long.
- 125,000 pieces 1x12, 12 feet long.
- 80,000 pieces 1x3, 12 feet long.
- 25,000 pieces 2x8, 16 feet long.
- 10,000 pieces 2x4, 16 feet long.
- 90,000 pieces 1x6, 16 feet long.

Tongued and Grooved Flooring:

- 90,000 pieces 1x6, 16 feet long.
- 4,000 window frames and sash, 2 feet 10x6 feet 6.
- 4,000 door frames and doors, 2 feet 8x6 feet 6.
- 4,000 hinges, 3 inch, and screws.
- 4,000 hooks and staples.
- Carpenter's tools for 100 carpenters.
- 50,000 brick for chimneys.
- 7,000 squares of felt roofing, 3-ply.
- 50 kegs 8-penny nails.
- 17 kegs 20-penny nails.

Bedsteads, bedding, chairs, tables, stoves, crockery, cutlery and sewing machines sufficient to furnish about 700 four-room houses in a modest, comfortable manner.

Some 4,000 dwellings and all their contents were absolutely washed away or lie in the piles of wreckage —a worse than worthless mass, a menace to the safety of the remaining portion of the city.

The havoc wrought by the storm in Galveston alone was much larger in loss of life and property than at Johnstown, but the donations in money thus far have aggregated one-third less for both the city and the mainland than was given at Johnstown.

While the bountiful outpouring of the people's generosity enabled the general relief committee and the Red Cross to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and render the streets of Galveston partially passable, nothing has yet been done toward reinstating the impoverished survivors in houses where they can escape disease and enjoy a slight measure of the comforts of which the storm deprived them.

It is for the purpose of awakening the sympathies of the American people, and further appealing to their bountiful instincts to rescue these sufferers from the hardships still confronting them, that the above statements have been put forth.

Of the material named, it is believed that Texas and Louisiana would prefer to furnish a large portion of the lumber. The other building material and household goods must come from those states which produce such articles.

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS,

CLARA BARTON, President.

STEPHEN E. BARTON, Second Vice-President.

Consign to Mr. B. Adoue, Chairman Building Committee, Galveston, Texas. Please advise Mr. Adoue what you are about to ship and he will see about the necessary transportation.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1900. NUMBER 8

The retirement of Dr. T. T. Munger from the active work of the ministry is an event to be regretted, not only by the Congregational Church of New Haven, but by all those who believe in humanizing religion and reconciling faith and reason.

The International Peace Congress, which has just closed its session in Paris, passed a resolution condemning the refusal of the British government to agree to arbitration or mediation in the South African trouble, and has a merited rebuke for the nations that might "have offered mediation, but abstained from doing so."

America welcomes home "Mark Twain," the genial man who has filled his humor with wisdom. His hair has grown gray, his face has been seamed with care-lines, while the English reading world has been making merry over his innocent humor. While he was being welcomed in New York, Chicago was listening to "Joe Jefferson's" rendition of "Rip Van Winkle," as it has done before times without number. Jefferson is well up in the seventies, and still is young. He has preserved his youth by his matchless contribution to the innocent diversion of his fellow beings. Hail! and hurrah! for "Mark Twain" and "Joe Jefferson."

We have had occasion before to quote in these columns from the address of David Starr Jordan on "The Strength of Being Clean; A study of the Quest for Unearned Happiness." We are glad to find it now in permanent form, handsomely printed by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. This "Red Cross" address is illuminated with wisdom, bright in metaphor, strong in statement and high in its demands for purity and consistent thoughtfulness in all the ranks and periods of life. It is a sermon to young people that outreaches the age limit. It is a modern addition to the Biblical wisdom series. It is the books of Ecclesiasties, Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach brought down to date with scientific illuminations and enforcements. Our readers will do well to remember this book when it comes to the Christmas buying.

In the death of Charles Carroll Everett, not only the Unitarians of America, but the world of scholarship everywhere, has sustained signal loss. Mr. Everett has for the last thirty-one years been connected with the Cambridge Divinity School. For much of that time he has been its head, and always has been a wise leader of thought, a sage in the truest sense of that word, author of many books that bespeak the philosopher and the humanitarian. We trust that some one of his many loving students who has felt the power of his personality and the clearness of his mind, will be moved to send a more fitting tribute to the wise man whose voice was last heard by the present writer in a beautiful paper on "The Progress of Thought in the Last Generation," read before the Congress of Religion in Boston last April, and although the sentences fell in their crystalline clearness, those who loved him listened with bated breath lest the exertion might hasten the dissolution which even then seemed imminent, for the sword was cruelly cutting the scabbard, the spirit was too much for the flesh, the mind that is now disembodied was then inadequately embodied.

The announcement of the death of Charles Dudley Warner will touch our readers with special regret. He was the genial writer who has kept his place in the hearts of the reading world which he made for himself over thirty years ago by the appearance of "My Summer in a Garden." His life has been a busy one, as editor of *Harper's Magazine,* essayist and civic reformer. In his later years he was the editor of the most comprehensive attempt to compass "The World's Best Literature," which includes forty-five noble volumes. Whatever defects may hang about so pretentious a work, it goes without saying that Mr. Warner's part in the work was well done. Mr. Warner took particular interest in criminology, and is the author of several studies in penology. Mr. Warner was seventy-one years of age. At the time of his death he was an active member of the Park Board in his own city of Hartford. As Mark Twain, his colloborator in the writing of "The Gilded Age," returned to his native shores Charles Dudley Warner set sail across the sea from whence there is no returning. He leaves behind a more genial human climate for his having lived. He was an ameliorating influence upon the human heart, and that influence has not yet ceased its work.

Our readers know that Frederick Starr is not without honor even in his own country. His work in the University of Chicago is rendered conspicuous by the originality of his investigations, particularly the work done in recent years among the native Indians of Mexico and the far southwest of the United States. None the less conspicuous is his work from the enthusiasm of his students, the freshness of his methods and the popularity of his university extension work. Our readers who have enjoyed his contributions to our editorial colums will rejoice in the honor that has recently been conferred upon him. Wilhelmina, the gracious little queen of the Netherlands and Princess of Orange, by royal decree of September 10, has bestowed upon Frederick Starr the silver medal for science and art, the award being made upon the recommendation of the Royal Ethnographic Museum of Leyden, on the ground of services to the royal museums. The silver medal contains on its obverse side a relief bust of the dear little lady so much beloved; on the reverse side the name of Frederick Starr, with the Latin inscription setting

forth the above facts. The decoration was conveyed to Mr. Starr by the hand of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, through the Consul-General from the Netherlands to this country, and it reached him October 15. We congratulate our associate on the UNITY staff upon his well-earned honors.

We recently called attention in these columns to the article of Professor Giddings in the *Independent*, as an honorable example of independent thinking in these times of partisan agitation. We are glad to give similar commendation to the article of President Eliot, of Harvard College, in the *Outlook* of October 20. All things considered, President Eliot has concluded to support the Republican administration, but he arrives at his conclusion by lines of reasoning that must be humiliating, if not irritating, to the administration which he haltingly supports. He sees and rebukes the "sordid commercialism and other forms of national selfishness that would guide the American people." He sees that the civil service reform, "though promoted by the most competent statesmen of both parties, is not yet to be trusted with either." He talks of "the strange subserviency of the Republican party leaders to small groups of capitalists, who having made great sums of money by means of high tariff legislation, are willing to make large contributions to Republican campaign expenses in the expectation of preserving their special privileges." He sees, as "the grave consequences of the war for Cuba, the large navy and the considerable army we are called upon to sustain." He tells us that President McKinley, "in his unwonted function of sovereign and arbitrary ruler, committed a lamentable error in the tone of his proclamation to the Filipinos, of December, 1898, and thereby involved his country in a cruel war—*or, rather, a long series of military executions*—with a semi-civilized but liberty-loving people, who fought by our side against the Spaniards, and who ought to have been invariably addressed with the utmost consideration, not as purchased subjects or conquered foes, but as comrades and friends." The italics are ours. He further tells us that the administration is responsible "for gross delinquencies of public officers in Cuba, and for a less than generous treatment of the people of Porto Rico," and that it has "deplorably succumbed to a temptation which always besets rulers in time of war—the temptation to keep from the people a knowledge not only of future plans, but of past events and of the documentary evidence relating thereto. This is one of the worst incompatibilities between war and public liberty." When President McKinley will be elected by such votes as this, let him realize to what severe extremity the American voter has been brought, and let no one pronounce the result of such an election as a vindication of the President's policy, an indorsement of the Philippine war or indication that the American people are ready to further carry on such a war to its fell end.

By what was evidently a mistake there has come to our editorial table an elegantly printed announcement of "The Autumn Live-Bird Tournament," to be given by the Peru Gun Club, of Peru, Ind, October 30-31, 1900. Although printed in English, most of it is as incomprehensible to the present writer as though it were written in Sanskrit. We are told that the "high gun system" is the proper system, and that "if you miss a pigeon you never get a cent." It promises to show "that the shooters of the middle west will shoot just as hard a game at home as they will in New York." Incidentally, this paragraph is thrown in, after announcing the names of the "handicapping committee," which we are told represents "clean, fair and honest sportsmanship:"

> Right here the Peru Gun Club wishes to thank these Indians for their kindness and to warn the Kickers to stay away, as the Band will be in War Paint and will certainly be on the lookout for an opportunity to use their Scalping Knives.

The circular further says that "it is the intention of the club to charge twenty cents for pigeons," that "Dave Elliott, of St. Louis, is to ship all birds needed," hence the assurance that there will be "good management and splendid birds." The program is given for two days' shooting. We cannot translate this worse than Sanskrit, but here is a sample entry:

> "Event No. 5.—Ten Live Birds, entrance $7.50; High Guns to win."

Here is another:

> "Twenty-five Live Birds, entrance $20; High Guns win."

We are told that the entrance for this event will close "when the last man has shot his second bird." Let those with adequate imagination supply the details. Let them imagine, if they can, the snaring of the pigeons, the huddling of them in crates, the shipment by rail, the swagger, the cigars, the beer and the whisky, the betting, the gambling, that gather around these places, where is provided "plenty of shelter for shooters." Then consider the satisfaction a full grown man will have in bringing down these frightened pigeons as they are let loose one by one for his diversion. And this is "refined sport"! And yet these marksmen had better "draw the bead" on pigeons than on Filipinos. If only the blood of pigeons might appease somewhat the passion of man to kill!

A Third Notable Book.

Had the express messenger not delayed the package by a couple of days, our last week's editorial would have been headed "Three Notable Books" instead of "Two Notable Books." The fact that A. W. Jackson's "Biography and Study of James Martineau" was issued from the press of Little, Brown & Co. simultaneously with the appearance of John Chadwick's "Theodore Parker," is a coincidence that is, to say the least, startling. We cannot now speak with deliberation of this volume that testifies alike to the skill of the bookmaker and to the diligence and painstaking labor of the writer. Mr. Jackson is more than a biographer, he is an interpreter, the one man in all America who, by close study, wide reading and long years of loving discipleship, was best qualified to do the work. We hope that in due time we may be able to give such an estimate of the book as it deserves. This time we are content with the mission of a herald who announces a notable arrival.

This book sets forth the life and teaching of one who

was probably the greatest religious thinker of his generation. His was the high pontificate of philosophy. James Martineau was the bridge-builder that constructed the bridge that spanned the chasm between the old thought and the new. He carried the spiritual treasures of supernatural revelation over into the land of natural evolution, and with arguments conclusive to the thoughtful proved that though miracle and an arbitrary, supernatural revelation must go, the essential contents of that revelation—God, Love, Duty, Immortality—remain.

These two books suggest an interesting comparison between Theodore Parker and James Martineau, both of them masterful spirits, both of them oracles of the higher life; together with Channing, they form the triumvirate of the liberal faith. Emerson, whose name has been associated with these three by the believers in freedom, fellowship and character in religion, still stands apart. Channing, Parker and Martineau had a propaganda. They were in a noble sense controversialists. They combatted error, they argued, they reasoned. Emerson stated and delivered his testimony, uttered his soul and was content. He was the seer. Martineau was the sage, Theodore Parker, the reformer, and Channing, if we must have another word, was the saint. Differing in their methods, all four testified to the power of love, the inevitable triumph of justice, the unity of man and the cohereney of the universe.

The places of Channing and Emerson are pretty well established; the record is well nigh complete, but this is not so with Parker and Martineau. Hence the works of Chadwick and Jackson are timely; they are much needed. They will serve to introduce these great teachers, who are still comparatively unknown even among the intelligent, and one will help interpret the other. The striking characteristics of each are emphasized by those of the other. Mr. Martineau was over five years of age when Parker was born, the birthday of the former being April 21, 1805, of the latter, August 24, 1810. Parker had been in his grave forty years when Martineau fell asleep, the former having closed his eyes on this world May 10, 1860; the latter kept them wide open until he was almost ninety-five years of age. Martineau outlived all his associates. He was not gone until January 11, 1900. Perhaps Theodore Parker lived as much as James Martineau. His fifty years were as the intense burning of a torch; Martineau's ninety-five years were as the quiet flame of a candle. Parker was consumed with a passion for justice. Martineau was alert for truth. The one sought the right; the other sought wisdom. Both wrought well, and in the long run made for the same cause, lived and died in the same service. Who dares say which is the more noble way? Both are noble and both ways are magnificently justified by these two men. But Theodore Parker's appeal to the heart is more imperative than Martineau's appeal to the head. There were times when Martineau's reason, grand as it was, seemed inadequate and his sympathies halted where they ought to have run, as in the case of our great national struggle, when the freedom of the black man was the issue, not of America, but of the world. But his halt was but temporary. In the long run, reason by slow methods will vindicate the conclusions which conscience arrives at at a jump.

So we take great pleasure in welcoming these two books. There will be no quarrel between Parker and Martineau on the thinker's table. But we think always the one must be content if he clarifies the mind and guides the judgment, while the other will stimulate the conscience, invigorate the will and set the heart a-tingling.

In a beautiful sonnet, Mr. Jackson dedicates his book to Horatio Stebbins, the eloquent successor of Starr King, on the Pacific coast. With Mr. Jackson's consent, we should be glad to substitute for the moment the name of Theodore Parker for that of Horatio Stebbins. By such a substitution the comparison and contrast between Parker and Martineau suggested by the simultaneous appearance of these beautiful and notable books are impressively stated:

"Dear Friend, whose noble presence fails to show
The regal grandeur of thy inner plan,
Patrician men, but an IMPERIAL MAN—
I link thy name with that of Martineau.
He sage; thou prophet. His the orient glow
Of one who all surveys from peak of Darien;
Thine, to call back dead souls to life again,
Isaiah's flame, the tones of Cicero.
He is the Phosphor of the coming day;
Awakener thou of those who dwell in night.
Through him men see the heights, through thee adore;
And they who write your epitaphs should say
Of him, 'He touched the mountain crests with light;'
Of thee, 'He thrilling witness to its glory bore.'"

Stedman's American Anthology.

This long expected book has come at last, and we cease to wonder that it has been so long delayed. Yet not so much because we learn from what disabilities of body and brain Mr. Stedman has suffered during the preparation of the book as because of the magnitude of his task, as its completion brings this home to our apprehension. Not long ago warning was sounded of a book preparing in Chicago that was to contain examples of the verses of a thousand poets. It seemed monstrous and abominable to contemplate. We are still sceptical as to the lower ranges of so large a choir, but Mr. Stedman has more than five hundred on his list and there is hardly one of them that we could willingly omit and some of us would gladly add a few names, and a few poems that would do these no discredit. Admirable has been the patience necessary for the choosing of the flowers woven into this large and fragrant wreath from so many gardens beautiful with various song. It is true that Mr. Stedman has had much assistance, clerical and other, in the making of his book. Especially have the hundreds of brief biographical sketches been written for him by others, subject to his revision. Due credit is given for all these, and to Miss Laura Stedman for a large part of them and for correspondence, proof-reading and textual revision. But when every proper deduction has been made, Mr. Stedman's own work of selection, bringing each piece to many different tests, has been one of huge proportions and a most exacting kind. The end that crowns it is such as ought to make him glad and proud, and win for him the gratitude of thousands whose delight in poetry has not abated in these later years of storm and stress.

Mr. Stedman's introduction has the value which inheres in all his critical writing. He warns us on the threshold that we are not to expect a treasury of imperishable American poems. That he might have attempted had he not been forestalled by those

who have had little more to do than take the poems which received specific praise in Mr. Stedman's "Poets of America." What we have here is a selection related to that book in much the same way as Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" was related to his volume on the Victorian poets. But the "Poets of America" was published in 1885 and the poets who have written since then have been embraced in the scope of Mr. Stedman's choice. It seems strange that he should have anticipated a less arduous labor here than on the other course and certainly his anticipation has not been realized. There he was self-restricted to a much narrower range than here, where much of the best that he has gathered is that of single poems. In his endeavor to make his selection fresh as well as beautiful he has sometimes omitted poems of peculiar beauty, Mrs. Thaxter's "Landlocked," for example, the most beautiful of all her poems. What a winnower of these things is time! Dr. Griswold's standards would, as Mr. Stedman says, give us a shelfful of books in place of this single volume.

The arrangement of the book is not that of the "Victorian Anthology." I must not give Mr. Stedman's careful explanation because it is so careful that to abridge it would be to mar it seriously. When setting out Mr. Stedman was assured by a New York publisher that he could not make his book half so good as his "Victorian Anthology;" that he had not the material. His answer was that if the American anthology could not compete with the English one in wealth of choice product, it might be superior to that as an expression of a people's life; and in the event he feels that his prophecy has been fulfilled. His readers will generally agree with him in this discrimination, but, while doing so, they will, I think, be ready to confess that the American output, as here exhibited, is much richer in the elements of genuine poetry than they imagined it would be. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue and as certainly it takes a poet to catch a poet. Mr. Stedman has caught, if not many scores of poets, many scores and hundreds of very real poems, and, if this body of verse has any representative character, we of America are not so given over to the worship of mere things and money values as various circumstances and aspects of the time might not unnaturally lead us to suppose.

For those even tolerably well acquainted with the course of American poetry, there is little to surprise us in the selections from our major poets. If some of these readers miss a favorite poem here and there—Emerson's "Two Rivers" or Longfellow's "Chrysaor," which we have been assured was a supreme favorite with him—they will do well to ask which of those chosen they would spare, and they will generally be found answering, "None." Bryant and Poe fare much better than Longfellow and Lowell because every good poem of Poe's is here and nearly every one of Bryant's. In his "Poets of America" Mr. Stedman was found too partial to Bayard Taylor by certain of his critics. The proportionate selection from him suggests a concession to that criticism, and the selection from Whitman a heightened appreciation. From the Whittier group we miss "Amy Wentworth" and Emerson's favorite, "What the Birds Said," and if Lowell could have had four more lines they should have been from his letter to Curtis:

> But I must utter what the voice within
> Dictates, for acquiescence dumb were sin;
> I blurt ungrateful truths, if so they be,
> That none may need to say them after me.

In this connection Mr. Stedman's comment on the poverty of our late wars in poetical expression is extremely pertinent. There has been less poverty in the expression of dissent from the spirit of those wars, a fact insufficiently noted in these pages, though happily the collection ends upon a note supremely high and pure.

In the choice of his own poems it is evident that Mr. Stedman modestly shortened the list by several numbers, one of which would surely have been "The Doorstep." It is good to have "The Hand of Lincoln" matching the splendid dignity of Stoddard's Lincoln ode. Howells' "Cavalry" is so compact that its terrible indictment of a mean success "glares through its absence" from the page. In spite of Matthew Arnold's strong dislike of hymns, as not being of the nature of poetry, Mr. Stedman has given us a few; one of Andrews Norton's (not his best), two of Samuel Johnson's and so on. Samuel Longfellow, however, does not appear, though he wrote at least one lovely poem besides many perfect hymns, and Gannett and Hosmer will be missed by many whom they have comforted and cheered.

Nevertheless, in general, the remarkable thing is not this or that omission (reflecting in most cases a well considered personal preference), but the range and beauty of the selection made, and the exquisitely poetical character of many scores of poems written by persons who are little famed or not at all. Time was when

> "Only here and there a star dispelled
> The darkness."

Now,

> "The host
> Is out at once to the despair of night."

Mr. Stedman is not one of those who suspect the quality of a poem that emits a gleam of moral purpose. He remembers that the prophets of old time were poets and he believes that poets may be prophets in our time. At the same time he is jealous for the poetical beauty of the poet's work with godly jealousy. The prophet must be also poet to be admitted to his guarded ring. Moreover he is a lover of that poetry which has no excuse for being but its essential poetry. He has found much of this; so much that only the real lovers of poetry as such will be thoroughly satisfied with the selection he has made. It meets two of Milton's tests, if not the third. It is "simple" and "sensuous" but less frequently "passionate." Here is at once an admirable quality and a grave defect. But Mr. Stedman's selection is, I believe, fairly expressive of the development of American poetry up to this time. He has prepared, I trust, for many thousands of readers, a refuge from the noise and glare of our habitual life, into which retiring for a little space they will find peace and beauty, and desire for the more lasting things.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of UNITY:

I cannot refrain from entering a protest against Bible societies giving their work out to be done by contract, as suggested in a recent note in your columns. True, it is more economical from the manufacturer's point of view, for the contract system of work invariably cheapens labor; but it may well be asked whether it be ethical to encourage the publication of cheap Bibles at the cost of man's flesh and blood. Why should it not be equally incumbent upon a Bible society as upon a clothing manufacturer to know under what conditions the employes work, whether they have sanitary work rooms and cheerful environment, whether they earn sufficient to buy bread for themselves and their families, and whether their working day be not unreasonably long, so that they may have some time for recreation.

When Bibles are given out to contractors to be made, the manufacturer shirks all this responsibility, besides dividing profits with contractors and sub-contractors, instead of sharing them with the printers and binders, who are the actual producers of the Bibles.

Some one well asks: "Is it not the zenith of inconsistency to find clergymen, in their anxiety to have cheap religious books, encourage the manufacture of Bibles by inadequately paid labor?" It should be remembered that underpaid labor is one of the causes of moral obliquity. I have read that women in Scotland are asked to bind Bibles at 4s. to 10s. a week, while in London men can barely live doing the same work at 32s. a week. The general secretary of the English Bookbinders' Society, in an appeal to the public, wrote some time ago: "Before lauding the cheapness of Bibles, the officials of Bible societies should make sure that they have been produced by labor for which fair and proper wages have been paid."

MAUD NATHAN,
162 West Eighty-sixth street, New York.
October 14, 1900.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Born November 17, 1861, at Morpeth, Canada. Graduate of Trinity College, Toronto. Appointed to a permanent life position in the Civil Service of Canada in 1883, resident at Ottawa. Died February 10, 1899.

A well-grounded scholar, a lover of Nature's solitude and a simple life. A keen observer and writer of verse musical without effort. Above all sincere and manly.

Good Speech.

Think not, because thine inmost heart means well,
  Thou hast the freedom of rude speech; sweet words
  Are like the voices of returning birds
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
  That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.
  Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair.

We, Too, Shall Sleep.

Not, not for thee,
Beloved child, the burning grasp of life
  Shall bruise the tender soul. The noise and strife,
And clamor of midday thou shalt not see;
  But wrapped forever in thy quiet grave,
  Too little to have known the earthly lot—
Time's clashing hosts above thine innocent head,
  Wave upon wave,
Shall break or pass as with an army's tread,
  And harm thee not.

A few short years
We of the living flesh and restless brain
  Shall plumb the deeps of life and know the strain,
The fleeting gleams of joy, the fruitless tears;
  And then at last, when all is touched and tried,
Our own immutable night shall fall, and deep
In the same silent plot, O little friend,
  Side by thy side,
In peace that changeth not, nor knoweth end,
  We too shall sleep.

Comforts of the Field.

What would'st thou have for easement after grief,
  When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
  And care sits at thine elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain
  And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
  To roam in idleness and sober mirth,
Through summer airs and summer lands, and drain
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
  To wander by the day with wilful feet;
  Through fielded valleys wide with yellowing wheat;
Along gray roads that run between deep woods,
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes of pine,
  Where the long daylight dreams, unpierced, unstirred,
  And only the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forest brooks that froth and shine
  In bouldered crannies buried in the hills;
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine,
  And log strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and sweet
  With the keen perfume of the ripening grass,
  Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass,
Spread thick as stars with shining marguerite;
To haunt old fences overgrown with brier,
  Muffled in vines, and hawthorns, and wild cherries,
  Rank, poisonous ivies, red-bunched elderberries,
And pied blossoms to the heart's desire;
  Gray mullein towering into yellow bloom,
  Pink-tasseled milkweed, breathing dense perfume,
And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To hear at eve the bleating of far flocks,
  The mud hen's whistle from the marsh at morn;
  To skirt with deafened ears and brain o'erborne
Some foam-filled rapid charging down its rocks
With iron roar of waters; far away
  Across wide-reeded meres, pensive with noon;
  To hear the querulous outcry of the loon;
To lie among deep rocks and watch all day
  On liquid heights the snowy clouds melt by,
Or hear from wood-capped mountain brows the jay
  Pierce the bright morning with his jibing cry.

To feast on summer sounds; the jolted wains,
  The thresher humming from the farm near by,
  The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
  To watch, as through a mist of light and dreams,
  The far-off hayfields, where the dusty teams
Drive round and round the lessening squares of hay,
  And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low,
With drowsy cadence half a summer's day,
  The clatter of the reapers come and go.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
  The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
  The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
  And cool fair fingers radiantly divine,
  The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan,
  Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine:
  Drink and be filled, and ye shall understand!

The Perishable and the Permanent.

No man can be satisfied with getting out of his labor only a bare living. We all have a craving to do something, however humble, which shall enter into the world's immortality.

The apprehension of its necessary evanescence is perhaps the secret of much of the poor work and of why so many workmen are contented with only a mediocre skill. What we need is to remember the other element, the inner man of our work, which is renewed in proportion as the outer one perishes.

All action tends by its very nature to react on the actor. The paddle and screw, which push the water, push the steamboat. The honesty and skill, which the mechanic puts into his wood and iron, they in turn put back into his character. JOHN C. KIMBALL.

THE PULPIT.

Guid-eBoards.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, PREACHED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 14, 1900.

For many years I have wanted to write the sermon of the guide-board. The purpose grows strong during each summer ride through the country, but my courage fails me when I come back to the city environment and realize that my listeners find their travel ways chiefly by aid of the railway guide and the time table. But few of my city friends know the perplexities of the country road, because few venture beyond the distance of a carriage drive from a railway station. Or, if perchance the wheel has made one heroic and he aspires to a century run, he puts a cycling map in his pocket and goes wherever the map indicates the best roads.

But all of life, perhaps not even the best of life, does not yet go by rail. He is practically untraveled who has traveled only in a Pullman car. The country is a sealed book and the landscape is a blur to him who studies it only as he whizzes along at the rate of thirty or more miles an hour, with his eyes full of smoke and cinders. The country will not be condensed by the lightning express. It refuses to be dissected into the small fragments available to carriage drives in city suburbs, or picnic excursions from summer hotels and water-side camps. Only he who takes the country leisurely and measures it off by the day's drives, rides or walks, knows how the country looks, how the country people live, what they work for, and whence come their revenues and their joys.

It is only when one starts out for an overland journey of several hundred miles on foot, by wagon or on horseback, that one begins to realize the consolation and wisdom that are found in a guide-board. When the termini of the route are the only definite points and the way from start to destination is all unknown, one realizes how imbecile is the unaided judgment, how helpless is the individual traveler, how ignorant, in spite of your knowledge of Greek or French, in spite of your diplomas and degrees, you are when you find yourself in the morning forty miles away from the point where you hope to find your supper and a night's lodging. You further realize how uncertain are the directions and how unreliable is the information offered by the very confident landlord or liveryman, who assures you that "it is a plain road all the way," and that you "can't get off the track"; that if you will only remember the few plain directions concerning the way to turn at certain bridges and school houses and the places where the roads fork, you will surely "get there all right."

If you are of a cautious nature, you will make careful note of these directions, and will perhaps draw a chart of the road before starting out. But you will find to your dismay that what was "perfectly plain" in the mind of the man who had been traveling that road from childhood, is very uncertain and confusing to the unsophisticated man who tries to pick it out for the first time. Your country is blocked into square miles by public highways. Over and over again the "main traveled road" that you are instructed to follow breaks up into many possibilities, all of them, apparently, equally traveled, and before you have been on the road two hours, you halt confused and helpless at the forks, looking painfully around for the man, woman or child who will tell you whether you are to bear to the right or to the left, and, alas, there is never a man, woman or child within sight. Suddenly the road has dropped into a painful solitude. The crow looks down contemptuously upon you from his dead limb and the jay bird mocks you from the thicket. O for a guide-board! Desperately you plunge ahead, trusting your boasted "instinct" and "geographical sense of directions." You perhaps remember complacently the assurance of the traveling phrenologist, who told you when a boy that your "bump of locality was large" and that you "would never lose your way"; and so you whistle along until suddenly you find that you have brought up at a cheese factory, where the road ends; or perhaps in some farmer's stack yard, where, just for that place and time, the "main traveled road" led. Or, perhaps, after three or four miles, when you have forgotten your anxiety and are quite sure you are on the right road, you encounter a boy plowing corn, and you deign to ask him if you are on the right road to M——. Glad of any pretext to "stop awhile and rest his horse," he begins by asking where you came from and ends by telling you that "you are a good bit off the road," that "you ought to have borne the other way three miles back," that "you can get there all right yet," if you will only follow his directions, directions which are noted down with more care this time, and you start on, chagrined, regretting that you have added three miles to your day's journey. You travel what you think "a good two miles," stop at a farm house to get a drink, and incidentally ask the wife "how far it is to M——." According to her schedule of distances, it is a mile farther than it was two miles back with the boy that plowed corn. You are perplexed anew. The woman gives you some more confusing directions, and assures you that the boy must have been wrong, for she went over the road only a few weeks before when they marketed their wool. Probably the last time the boy went over it was when he took his girl to the Fourth of July celebration. There is always a large psychical element in distances. It is always farther from the breakfast table to the field than it is from the field to the dinner table.

You push on toward M—— and half the pleasures of the day are sacrificed by the nervous misgiving that you have forgotten or will forget the directions, if, indeed, you are not fretted by the more positive humiliation of knowing that you have missed the road two or three times. You are irritated to find "how foolish the country people are about roads," how vague is their sense of distance, and "how incompetent they are to give clear directions." I speak feelingly on this matter because I speak out of a memory freighted with humiliating incidents of this kind. I speak as one who has succeeded dozens of times in losing my way on what was locally pronounced a "perfectly plain road." The good-natured flippancy of the German miller still annoys me, though ten or more years have passed since he assured me "You can't make no mishtake; jhust keep right away straight ahead and you get dere all right." But within a mile of the place where this mealy miller told his cheerful untruth, we got on the wrong road just as easily as possible, making an unnecessary three or four miles of sandy pull for the team over the road that is none too good at best between Devil's Lake and the Dells, and I have not yet accumulated grace enough to forgive the farmer who some eight years ago gave me careful directions for reaching a ferry on the upper Wisconsin waters, which I found on my arrival had been abandoned two years before, necessitating a detour of twelve miles on a hot summer day, much of the time through wooded bottom lands, infested with mosquitoes, for myself and Jess, the companion of blessed memory.

But to return to the day's experience. By the time you have arrived at M—— you have a lively appreciation of the value of a guide-board, and you bless the supervisors of one or two of the half dozen or more townships that you drove through who have obeyed the law and seen to it that guide-boards were erected. The law of Wisconsin provides that guide-boards bearing the names of the principal towns to which the road

leads and the distances thereto shall be maintained at all important cross-roads, and, furthermore, that every town neglecting to obey this law shall be subject to a fine of $5 per month for every such neglect, one-half the fine to be given to the person making the complaint and one-half to go to the school fund.

If you learn of this law for the first time on your arrival at M—— you make a patriotic resolve that you will enter legal proceedings against every town through which you have driven; that day you solemnly resolve to make life a burden to every officer who wilfully neglects so sensible and so important a law, and you wonder at the laxity of public officers, the low standard of public service and the disloyal stupidity and submissiveness of the public.

You will perhaps further resolve, as I have done many times, that when you come back to your city home you will look up the history of guide-boards, that you will ransack the libraries and see how far back these statutes reach and in what subsoil of common law they rest, and if you start out on such a quest, as I have, you will find yourself lost in a subject upon which the public library and the library of the Law Institute of Chicago throw but little direct light. It is a subject that promptly leads you into the large study of civilization and progress. The growth of highways runs parallel with the growth of nations. The ancient civilizations jumped from one river valley to another by the opening of a new road. "Make straight a highway in the wilderness," said the old prophet, meaning, Let us open a road for the traffic between the Euphrates and the Nile. Let the communication be kept open over the Jordan.

Every road was once a path, and the course of the pioneer's path was indicated by blazing the trees with the woodman's ax. The Crusaders erected rude crosses along the way they traveled to mark the gorges and fording places through which they successfully passed, so that succeeding columns of the cross-bearing army might profit by the experience of the leaders and find their way to the land where their Savior once lived and perchance the spot where he was buried. The early monks reared their wayside shrines not simply as places of rest and spiritual refreshment, but as landmarks for the pilgrims whose hearts should be refreshed by the sight of these roadside resting places, witnesses that they were on the right road, that the hospitable monastery or the great cathedral town was farther on, and that in due time they would find shelter and refreshment for body and soul.

In such crude beginnings, sacred practices and religious traditions are our guide-boards planted. The problem of civilization may be said to be the problem of roads. "Good roads and prosperity" is the last cry of the political economist. To save the roads for the people, for all the people, to protect the people's right in their highway in the face of greed, monopoly and private franchise is the desperate municipal struggle today in all the cities of America.

The statutes of the state of New York, and perhaps of other states, call not only for guide-boards, but provide that the public authorities shall cause to be erected and maintained along all the post-roads in the state mile stones, upon which are clearly inscribed the distances to and from terminal points. These modern milestones are the direct descendants of the god of Term, whose image, a stone post, capped with a human head, marked the boundaries of tribes, clans and private estates. To tamper with these was impiety as well as a civic misdemeanor under the old Roman law. The Pentateuch provides severest penalties for him who would move the landmarks and thus encroach upon the public domain or increase the dimensions of one's estate by fraudulently moving the line into the fields of a neighbor.

The guide-boards, then, represent the common needs of the community; they still express the communal life of the state; they guard the interests and direct the action of the public, the whole public. Guide-boards represent the husbandry of the state, the administration of the commonwealth, the safety, comfort and pleasure of all the children of the public.

If guide-boards, then, are of such direct practical value to the public, of such large economic significance and historic importance, why is the law concerning them so shamefully neglected in all the states of the Union? Between here and Tower Hill is a distance of about two hundred miles, as a horseman would like to go. I have traveled it afoot, on horseback and on wheels, perhaps fifteen different times by as many different roads, and any way you go you will probably find not more than five or six townships out of the thirty or forty you cross that makes any pretense of carrying out the law concerning guide-boards. This wholesale disobedience of the law is not peculiar to the West. Benton Willis Potter, in his book on "Roads and Roadsides," one of the most interesting of recent books on this subject, tells us that even in law-abiding Massachusetts the law to establish guide-boards is practically a dead letter. The answer to the question why it is so is again full of psychological and sociological significance. Let us go in search of the answer.

The first obvious answer is that the "public" no longer travel by road, but by rail. Only tramps go on foot except from farm house to farm house. Business has abandoned the wagon roads, and perhaps not one out of a hundred thousand drives or rides through the country any distance for pleasure, and he does that at the risk of his reputation for sanity. He is promptly suspected of being affiliated with the "crank" elements of society, whose interests the public need not consider. So, literally, the railroad time card has supplanted the guide-board. Nobody in the country is sure of a road except to the nearest railway station. Beyond that, distances are hazy and roads are very uncertain.

I am not one of those who decry the railroad. High as I hold the genius of John Ruskin, noble as was his humanity, sublime as were his sympathies, I break with him where he breaks with the railroads. I despise the financial intrigues, the commercial tricks, the ethical outrages of railroad corporations as I do other cruel tyrannies and commercial dishonesties, but I must take off my hat to the locomotive. Shame for the watered stock, respect for the steel rail and honor for him who perfected it.

But, for the present, the locomotive has its dangers and the railroad menaces some noble things. Alas for the convenience that has brought neglect to the public highway and broken up the main traveled roads. For in this breakdown there is a breakdown of civic consciousness, of social interests, a surrendering of public property to private greed and gain.

Away back when the pioneers were preparing the way for the great life of the middle west, there was a military road running straight from Green Bay to Chicago. The trappers were good surveyors. The postmen, riding their Indian ponies, picked the more available ridges and located the fords. After them came the wagoner and the local pathmaster, and a drive from Chicago to Green Bay in the favorable season became an event in the life of any man. The same pioneers built a territorial road from Madison to Prairie du Chien. It kept the watershed all the way. For a hundred miles the traveler saw the rain drops that fell to his right on their journey to the Mississippi, which they would find at Prairie du Chien, and the drops that fell to his left, starting on the same journey to find the same mother river some thirty miles below at Galena, or farther down. The military road to Chicago is

broken and neglected. The territorial highway of Wisconsin has been twisted and tortured to adapt to town lines and farmer whims. And all this has carried with it a social degeneracy. It has severed the connecting nerves and brought about a consequent indifference to far-off communities, that is to be deplored.

Alas for the civilization that centers around the railway station, whose chief use is to ship the cattle and eggs of the farmer and bring in his coffee and his blue jeans. There is danger that in the face of this added facility to travel there may be born a more stolid provincialism, more tyrannical because more complacent than that which was forced upon our forefathers by the grim circumstances of the backwoods. The old settler knew the road for sixty miles north or south. He could tell you of the saw mills, grist mills and taverns along the way. The grandson, if he stays on the old place, confesses his ignorance of the road and the life thereon ten miles away in any other direction than that which leads to his market town. He has been off on the train; he knows Chicago, Milwaukee and the capital of his state, perchance, but he knows little of and cares less for the farming in the next county and the farmers in the next valley.

On my last ride to Tower Hill, with the perversity of one who loves the unfamiliar and chooses the unbeaten path, I resolved to make Tower Hill without going to Madison, towards which so many of the Wisconsin travel lines tend. Following the map and the compass, I could save a few miles and gain a new route by leaving the capital city seven or eight miles to the right, and, passing to the southward, find my night's lodging at the little village adjoining the county farm, from thence proceeding by way of the Blue Mounds. An economist would have been charmed to find the dense ignorance along the way of the best road to Verona, and the glib way in which child, woman and man knew the way to Madison. Within ten miles of my objective point I found a grown-up man in the field who said he "had lived there and thereabouts for twelve years, but had never been to Verona," and had no idea of the way there, except that you did not take the road that branched to Madison. A few miles farther along I found a veritable son of Erin who had lived there all his life, and who said, "Niver a bit do I care to know the way to the poorhouse. I'll let the other fellows find the way when they have to take me there." But the road to Verona led through beautiful trees, across tangled waterways, and was a climb upwards. Verona stands at the foot of the Blue Mounds, the highest land in all that countryside. But waiving the ministries of nature, admitting that there were no artistic or spiritual returns in that direction, yet, alas for the citizen who never cares to know the workings of the poorhouse or to see the inside of it until he goes there to reside.

Let the economist plead for good roads and main thoroughfares on the dollar-and-cent side, and their arguments are so coherent and so potent that they are beginning to be heard. I plead for good roads and long lines marked with clear guide-boards on account of their spiritual values, that through them the boys and girls may come to an enlarged civic consciousness, that the human soul may better domesticate itself in the land of souls, that the interests of men may be wider than their possessions, and that there may be something beyond the cattle and the corn in the farm home, and, still more, something in the country beyond the lake with its yachting privileges, the river with its fishing chances and the forest with its shooting opportunities for the weary or blase dweller in the city.

There is no need of my trying to make a spiritual application of this sermon of the guide-board. All along the analogies have pressed us. All along we have realized that as it is with the ways of earth, so must it be with the ways of heaven. Spiritually, as physically, we are more dependent upon guide-boards than we realize. Progress in ethics, as in travel, consists in our ability to profit by the experiences of those who have gone before, in our readiness to trust the wisdom bequeathed us by those who have been over the road and left their marks behind. The difference between the educated and the ignorant is a matter of guide-boards; so the difference between the noble and the sinful is a matter of guide-boards and loyalty thereto. What are the ten commandments but so many finger posts written along the way of life by those who have been over the road and tried it? The golden rule is but a wayside shrine leading to the cathedral of character, the high altar of saintship further up the heights.

In that day's struggle to keep out of Madison and find the poorhouse, one of the most intelligent and altogether one of the most satisfactory informants I found was a little bare-legged girl washing the pans at a spring, and at the same time tending to the two little children who seemed determined to fall into the spring. She knew I "must pass through McFarland." "In order to do that you must keep right straight ahead, must go quite a long piece, and then you will come to the churches. And you must then go along a good piece straight ahead after that. You must not turn one way or the other, although I think 'there will be chances' to go other ways. But keep right on until you get to a railroad. You'll see the iron rails. Then you will have to turn and go a little ways that way, and then you will be at the hotel." Indefinite as to distance, inadequate in description, it proved quite sufficient, and it landed me and the horse at a good dinner place.

How well would it be for many a wayfarer in life if some slip of a guide, half mortal, half immortal, could but speak to him in such a way that he would heed the words to "keep right on, a long ways, right on," and then when he comes even to the churches, as I did, he must go right straight ahead, one sect on one side of the road, another sect on the other, each with its parcel of ground in which to bury their dead, as if they were fearful of sectarian contamination in their coffins. There was the width of a good highway between the Presbyterian bones and the Methodist bones, belonging to spirits that probably will be surprised if, when they get to heaven, they find no partition lines and no way of keeping the heresy out and "our creed" followers in. Yes, even "when you get to the churches," the little guide said, "go right on, straight ahead." You will probably realize, as she said, that "there will be chances to go the one side or the other"; I found it so that day, and you and I find it so every day of our lives, but we must "go right ahead" until at last we come to the "iron road." Then it is the part of wisdom and prudence to accept the grim limit, to bend a little, take a turn, and thereby find the place of refreshment.

How much time would be saved if we would only heed the guide-board, and what a great unkindness on the part of those who know and upon whom responsibility rests, to neglect the guide-board. How many a fallen guide-board have I seen along the road. Once I remember that the post and board had been irreverently used by the farmer to block a hole in the fence where the pigs had gone through, and, curiously enough, the finger on the guide-board had missed the direction by 90 degrees. It was pointed at right angles to the right way. Alas for him who would heed the instruction of that guide-board. Is there not something like this often in the lives of men and women? Are there not some of us guilty of tampering with the guide-boards of history and shifting the finger points of morals? Here is the man who started for the citadel of Virtue, but turned at right angles in order to make the city of

Prosperity. How misleading is the index finger which such a man leaves behind, how confusing to the young man who comes after—it may be his own son. He has turned to the right or to the left before he has found the "iron road" which alone marked the proper point of declension.

"Great men are the guide-boards in the state," said Edmund Burke. Young men and women, have an eye out for these guide-boards. Look for the foot-marks of Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner in American politics, and walk that way. See the clear eye and benignant face of the pure woman; it points the road upon which you are to travel. See the blear eye and blue nose of the man. It is a guide-board that points the way to dissipation, degradation and death.

I have spoken of the commercializing tendency indicated by the decay of country guide-boards. One other analogy forces itself upon me. In the middle ages, the guide-boards bore crosses pointing to the spiritual centers, where priests and bishops dwelt. In the days of our pioneer forefathers, the guide-boards told the miles to the places of physical refreshment. "Ten miles to the Farmers' Home," "Six miles to the Travelers' Inn." Our roads and hotels often retain the suggestion of these hostelries, as "the Cottage Grove Tavern," "the Maple House" and "the Elm Grove Inn." But now, as the traveler approaches the commercial centers, he begins to find mile posts fifteen or eighteen miles out, and something like this runs the legend he reads: "Twelve miles to the 'Happy Home Clothing House,' on Water street," "Eleven miles to the 'Happy Home Clothing House,' on Water street," "Ten miles," and so on down, the numbers decreasing with increasing interest. But when you get there what do you care for the "Happy Home Clothing House"? Once last summer I was lured for twelve miles by the finger posts that pointed me to the "Always Square Drug Store" in a certain town. What did I, who had no use for drugs in practice and not much in theory, want to do with a drug house?

As it is in the country, so it is often in the city. Here in Chicago you find your location by help of the "Hub Clothing House," signs on the street corners, and now I see there is a rival sign in the interest of some new kind of bread. Perhaps this is well. But when we come around on the upper spiral of life to the spiritual appreciation of things again, may we not have another series of guide-boards that beckon us to the places of intellectual refreshment, of spiritual renewal? Our streets are lined with noisy guide-boards, pointing to places of trade or of carousal and dissipation, but he who seeks the Public Library, the Art Institute or the house of prayer and worship must grope his way without sign or guide, and often misses it.

I look for the time when our guide-boards throughout the country shall point the finger towards the "Town Reading Room," the "County Library," the "County Park" or the "Art Gallery" of the congressional district; and when our bill boards in the city, or the redeemed and transfigured successors of the present monstrosities, shall suggest not commercial enterprise or individual greed, but point to public interest and lead the way to the centers of life, when our street corners shall tell the way to the centers of love and intelligence, the citadels of reason and of study, the places of worship and the homes of sympathy. Towards this ideal let us work. Ours is the task of creating such a center, so that the very guide-boards of the suburbs and the signs on the street corners will tell the distance and point the way to the "LINCOLN CENTER!"

There is nothing more beautiful than the influence which a noble character exerts in the way of constantly raising the standards of others.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Two Notable Books on Education.

Dr. Laurie's "Historical Survey of Pre-Christian Education" will be found serviceable not only to the teacher, but to the minister and the intelligent citizen who are vitally interested, consciously or unconsciously, in the work and progress of education in the public schools. Professor Laurie states his conception of education in the sense in which it is employed in the book under consideration, as "The means which a nation, with more or less consciousness, takes for bringing up its citizens to maintain the tradition of national character, and for promoting the welfare of the whole as an organized ethical community." This conception is then traced through three stages which Professor Laurie describes as, first, "The unpremeditated education of national character and institutions, and of instinctive ideals of personal and community life in contact with definite external conditions, and moulding or being moulded by these." The second stage shows that the education of the citizen is of public, but voluntary concern, and such means as the family, the school, public institutions and ceremonials, are employed for the transmission of the essentials of national character, but as yet with no consciously systematized aim or ideal. In the third phase education ceases to be a matter of merely public and voluntary interest, and becomes a recognized function of the state or politics. Herein obtains a relatively conscious ideal of the principle and tendency of social life, which ideal determines the selection and organization of the educational agencies and means in such manner as to supply the conditions necessary to the development of the individual at every stage from infancy to manhood.

Our author presents with thoroughness and all possible perspicuity the evolution of education through the pre-Christian nations of Egypt, the governments of Western Asia, including the Arabs, Babylonians, Assyrians, Phoenicians and the Hebrews, of China, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome. His expositions and interpretations of the educational systems of these different nations are amply supported by the abundant quotations from their literature, which will enable the reader to know at each step just what the evidence of the view advanced is. The work is eminently readable, is not very technical in its terminology, and possesses that clear, far-reaching insight which is so characteristic of every published work of this well-known educator. I desire to recommend it to the readers of UNITY, and especially that part in which Professor Laurie sketches the transition from Paganism, if the word be insisted on, to Christianity, and which, although developed along the line of its educational movement, has a much broader significance and reach. The only defect I care to note in the book is the absence of an index, though the table of contents is very full. The publishers have not only done their part of the work well, but have offered a large, meaty book at a very small price.

Professor MacCunn, of University College, Liverpool, has also recently published an important work on the "Making of Character."*

The sphere of education in both its practical and theoretical aspects exhibits much the same general characteristics in its evolution as any other sphere of interests and activities of the social life. In different ages and with varied social conditions and needs, the conceptions of education, its end, means

* The Making of Character, Some Educational Aspects of Ethics, by John MacCunn, M. A. LL. D. $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York.

and method, are very different; but in succeeding periods of the development of a nation, or of the whole human race, we may easily discern a gradual evolution in depth and comprehensiveness and also in the way of rational simplicity and naturalness. It has been for the nonce in the life of a people that the supreme end of education, as consciously directed evolution of individuals, was conceived as pre-eminently practical or technical, and the means were selected and organized and presented in the light of such an ideal. In another epoch the ideal may have been political, ecclesiastical, aesthetic, chivalric or humanitarian. In any age the conception of the end is, on the whole, determined by the conditions and dominant needs of the social order, by the spirit of the age, and the grade of development of the civilization. During the decade now passing, the high tide of interest in and consideration of education as to its ultimate end, means, and method, has been decidedly psychological. The psychological sciences, and especially what is called Child-Study, have been quite the indispensable prerequisites and qualifications of not only the prospective, but also the experienced, teacher and educator. In the present, however, one may without difficulty detect many and unmistakable symptoms which prognosticate somewhat of an ebbing of the tide that brought education to so high and fine a mark. One stage of the process of development has about been completed and is finding its fruition and truth in another and higher. The ethical aspects of education are demanding attention as never before, and the conditions for efficient treatment have never been paralleled in any previous day. It is as with the sea which has waited

> "Ages in its bed till some one wave
> Out of the multitudinous mass extends
> The empire of the whole, some feet perhaps,
> Over the strip of sand which could confine
> Its fellows so long time,"

and now rushes in and possesses that annexed as so much clear gain and as the base of future operation and gain. So the whole system of education assimilates to itself the advances pertinent to itself made by the psychological sciences, and by their means moves on to higher points of advantage and clearer view of the ethical value of the whole and all its parts or elements.

The stage which has been so markedly psychological, can not but issue in larger perspective, and certainly in deeper, truer insight into the character-making values of the original individual and endowment, the physical and social factors of the environment, and the materials selected for utilization in the work of the school. It is the ethical interest and point of view which will certainly prevail in the epoch now at hand; indeed, already are the signs rapidly multiplying that more than the bare initiative has been effected. Professor MacCunn's book, "The Making of Character," deals with this field that I have tried to point out as being the logical and historical outcome of the psychological stage of the process of development of education. I shall indicate briefly the contents in general. The subject lends itself easily to treatment under four heads, which are concerned respectively with the original natural disposition of the individual, the physical and social factors of his environment, and the two later stages of his moral development. In the first part, under the rubric "Congenital Endowment," the author discusses the elements of the individual nature in their ethical aspects, setting forth clearly the nature and significance of heredity, vital energy, temperament instincts and emotions and desires, and the formation of habits and their limitations. The ethical aspects, the character-making values, of the factors of the physical and social environment, as the family, school, community, religious organizations, are considered in the second part, together with a very suggestive presentation of the educational worth of moral ideals, example, precept and casuistry. In the third part, "Sound Judgment," Professor MacCunn develops in admirable fashion the meaning of sound moral judgment, the means and method of its education; the growth of the individual's ideal of life; and the practical value of a theory of the moral ideal. In the fourth part he brings in the desired way all these elements and factors of education to a focus in the beginning of the final stage of the educational function, namely, in Self-Development and Self-Control. Self-development he differentiates from development in general in that the former is the phase wherein the individual persistently endeavors to regulate his whole life of thought and action "in the light of a moral ideal which he has consciously made his own." And as all development has been perceived to involve repression, so "the same principle holds when development has become self-development, and when the repressor and repressed are one." In substance the author states that the highest achievement of the most careful and enlightened education can but be the fitting of "its product for that seemingly never-ending conflict in which the soul is divided against itself." Hence it is self-control, the ever sustained, but ever moving equilibrium of all the elements of the soul, the impulses, emotions, desires, and ideas, which is the supreme, the ethical end of education.

It would greatly exceed all spacial and temporal limits to give detailed criticism of the work. But there are some chapters which will be found specially interesting by the parent and the teacher. That on "Habit and Its Limitations," although not the most original in the book, is decidedly important, and presents lucidly and comprehensively the ethical characteristics of the subject. Among others I should name as specially notable, are "Wordsworthian Education of Nature," "Example," "Sound Moral Judgment" and "Self-Development." It hardly needs to be said that Professor MacCunn is well able to meet all the practical exigencies of his subject as they know who have had his former work on the "Ethics of Citizenship." He is possessed by the true psychological spirit and has deep moral insight, a combination which is the *conditio sine qua non* of a valuable treatment of the educational aspects of ethics. The work is among the first to cover the whole ground, in any approximately adequate fashion. There remains, of course, much to be done in the working-out of details under the particular categories, but there is a positive need of this single comprehensive view of the ethical aspects of the educational process and factors.

WAYNE P. SMITH.

An Offer.

To the Editor of the UNITY:

The late Charles K. Whipple, who lately died at the age of ninety-one, and who was a contributor to Unitarian as well as more radical publications on theological, religious, reformatory and humanitarian subjects, left for my disposal a considerable quantity of his tracts on those subjects, mostly small leaflets. They bear the mark of controversies of from twenty to fifty years ago, a few of them being of permanent interest, but the greater part of value only as memorials of those years of earnest disputation.

A set of them, as nearly perfect as possible, or those which pertain to any particular class of subjects, will be sent, for the cost of mailing, to any person or library that will make application to me by letter. SAMUEL C. BEANE,

Newburyport, Mass.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—We reap what we sow, as well in character as in grain; not something else, but that!

MON.—A Christianity of love and service, instead of dogma and creeds, is the only hope of the world.

TUES.—Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bars and set us free.

WED.—God's in His heaven—All's right with the world.

THURS.—Life is the finest of the fine arts; it has to be learned with life-long patience.

FRI.—Storms and winds and calms are not accidents, but are brought about by antecedent circumstances.

SAT.—Rest and peace are but calms in man's inward nature, and arise through causes as definite and inevitable.

Baby Asleep.

Baby has gone to the land of dreams!
Hush, or you'll wake him! How still it seems!
carefully shut the bedroom door,
Noiselessly tiptoe across the floor.
See how sweet he looks as he lies,
With fringed lids shutting the dark brown eyes;
One pink palm pressing the dimpled cheek,
And his red lips parted as if to speak.

Yonder, in the low rocking-chair,
Is a broken plaything—he left it there;
And there in the corner beside the door,
Lies a motley heap of many more—
Jack-knife, picture-book, marbles, ball,
Tailless monkey and headless doll,
And new, bright pennies, his special joy,
By father hoarded to please his boy.

There lie his shoes on the kitchen-floor,
That all day long they have pattered o'er—
Battered and chubby, short and wide,
Worn at the toe and cracked at the side;
And there hangs the little dress he wore;
Scarlet flannel and nothing more;
But there clings about a nameless charm,
For the sleeves are creased by his dimpled arm.

Dear little feet that are now so still,
Will ye ever walk in the paths of ill?
Rosebud lips, will ye ever part,
Bringing pain to a mother's heart?
Keep, O Father, that baby brow
Ever as pure from stain as now;
Lead him through life by thy guiding hand
Safely into the better land!

—*Nancy Priest Wakefield in The Advance.*

What Lady Somerset Learned from a Crippled Boy.

Lady Henry Somerset is always a prominent figure at the meetings of the International Council of Women, especially when they are held in London. On such occasions her place, the Priory, is thrown open to the American delegates and their friends. It was at a tea in the Priory during the latest London meeting of the council that Lady Henry told how she came to devote a large part of her life to slum work among the children. Lady Henry, by the way, is almost as well known in this line of effort as she is in women's clubs and British temperance work.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting day while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told, yet to my surprise the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left I said to him:

"'How could you possibly stand it?'

"'That's nothin',' he answered; 'why I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about it's being a bee if I didn't.'"

—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

A Noble Horse.

Not long ago a noble horse, named Poindexter, was taken ill in Boston. The animal's nerves were keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, and he could not be induced to lie down and go to sleep.

The veterinarians were in despair, when Poindexter's groom went into the stall and lay down. The horse seemed soothed by his presence. By degrees he grew calmer, and finally lying down, laid his delicate head on the man's shoulder and went to sleep.

The nervousness and apprehension of the horse seemed very human. Possibly he was afraid of death, afraid that the end might come when he slept, and wished to remain on his feet. Who knows? Certain it is that for three nights the horse slept quietly by his friend, and thus alone passed safely through the critical stage of his disease.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Dog Laughed.

The proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.—*New York Telegram.*

Somebody.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody you?

—*Selected.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

A Friend.

I had a friend, a woman friend most dear,
Who ran upon some little grace in me,
And loved me for it; fostered tenderly
The grace itself; then saw my faults grow clear
On close approach, but bravely drew more near,
Believing these were transient; earnestly
I set myself to mend myself, since she
Did love me still, extending hope and cheer.
Once, all unconsciously, by some swift move,
Unstudied as a child's, she let me see
The angel in her, standing there to prove
How close God comes to us invisibly;
And looking in her eyes with reverent awe,
I joyed to love the creature that I saw.

MARION LISLE

Foreign Notes.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.—*Le Protestant* writes as follows of the success of this Congress:

The first International Congress on the History of Religions, held at Paris September 3-8, has not, it is true, made such a stir as did the Chicago Parliament of Religions, but the ardor, the good order—in a word, the excellent spirit which prevailed from the beginning to the end of its very crowded sessions, were nevertheless a very happy indication of the advance in manners. If a council of all religions similar to the great gathering in Chicago was not possible in our old Europe with all its traditions of exclusiveness and intolerance, and all its cruel memories of religious wars and ecclesiastical hatreds, the simple reunion of some hundreds of scholars, of theologians or philologians concerned with the problems of religious history or psychology but belonging to different confessions and even to different religions, did not fail to disquiet the timid. When, as we too often see, alas! Protestant ecclesiastics divided by certain points of dogma, cannot meet together without excommunicating one another, or at least treating each other very hardly, could we hope that good Catholics, Protestants of every shade, orthodox Greeks, Jews, Buddhists, Mussulmans, could meet together for a week to consider questions touching their religious origin or their spiritual evolution without any vexatious incidents resulting?

Yet this extraordinary phenomenon came to pass. Mutual respect, tolerance, reciprocal deference, did not cease for an instant to inspire the deliberations and the relations of the Congressists. The attempt of the organizers of the Congress was fully justified, because the members have kept on the scientific plane on which they were invited to place themselves. There is in this a valuable lesson for us all. The scientific spirit, the critical method which it is customary in certain circles to denounce as principles of destruction and of religious struggles, have again shown themselves here, and in a particularly eloquent fashion, as veritable inspirers of toleration and of human dignity in the treatment of religious matters. The day when all our churchmen shall cease to be partisans and become theologians in the modern sense of the word —that is to say, trained men employing a good, scientific method—the day when the instruction given by our faculties shall have taught all our clergy that questions must be examined loyally, without prejudice, in and for themselves, not according to the advantages or disadvantages that a given solution may present for one or another of the ecclesiastical parties, on that day the miserable quarrels which render us so impotent will be singularly diminished. Science is the great beneficent power of modern society. In the religious world it is scientific theology, the science of religions alone which is capable of drawing minds away from the conflicts and controversies which dishonor Christianity, because it enlightens and instructs, because it substitutes for human passions the knowledge of objective truth.

The Congress met for general sessions in the Congress palace at the exposition, and in the Michelet amphitheatre at the Sorbonne; the sections held their sessions in the Schools of Higher Studies (Sorbonne). Mr. Albert Reville, of the *College de France*, was elected president; Messrs. Leon Marillier and Jean Reville, directors of the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, secretaries; Mr. Philippe Berger, of the institute, was retained as treasurer, with Mr. Toutain, of the School of Higher Studies, as assistant treasurer. The following gentlemen were named as foreign vice-presidents: Count A. de Gubernatis, of the University of Rome; Count Goblet d'Alviella, Belgian senator; Mr. Goldziher, of the University of Buda-Pesth; Mr. Ed Naville, of Geneva, correspondent of the institute, and Professor E. Carpenter, of Manchester College, Oxford. Messrs. Max Muller and Tiele, both of whom were kept at home by illness, were made honorary presidents.

Three hundred and thirty-five members of the most diverse nationalities were registered. Among them were two Buddhist theological professors from Kioto, Japan. The general sessions were very largely attended. President Reville spoke on "The Role and the Value of the History of Religions;" Mr. Smart on "The Part of the Yoga in the Formation of Buddhism;" Mr. Sabatier on "The Evolution of Biblical Criticism and Its Final Enlargement Into the Science of Religion;" Mr. Jean Reville, on "The Present State of Instruction in this Science in Europe and America." Mr. Goldziher presented a very scholarly memoir on "The Influence of Parseeism on the Beginnings of Islamism;" Mr. Goblet d'Alviella drew a masterly picture of the historical evolution in the relations between religion and ethics, and Mr. L. Marillier, in a paper of great interest, showed the importance to the science of religion of the study of popular traditions where old beliefs survive, and the study of uncivilized peoples where one can examine primitive forms, or, at least, the oldest now accessible, of religious life. Finally, in the closing session, Mr. de Gubernatis, in a discourse very flattering to France, French hierographs, and especially for the work of the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions et de la Section des Sciences Religieuses a la Sorbonne*, drew a lofty picture of the mission of the religions in our modern society.

We cannot think of enumerating here the work of the sections. About fifty papers, some of considerable length, were presented in full or in abstract. Mr. Sabatier presided over the section devoted to Christianity, assisted by Mr. Piepenbring of Strasburg. Professor Glagoleff, of the Ecclesiastical Academy of Moscow; Mr. Smyrnoff, arch-priest of the Russian Church in Paris, and Mr. Bonet-Maury of the Theological Faculty of Paris. Messrs. Picaret and E. de Faye acted as secretaries. The most important papers were those of Mr. Piepenbring on "The Essential Principles of the Teaching of Jesus," based on a conception akin to that of Mr. Stapfer; of Mr. Klein, of Stockholm, on "The Relation of Essenism to Christianity;" of Mr. Conybeare, on "Sacrifice of Animals as Practised by Certain Bodies of Oriental Christians, Even Down to the Middle Ages;" of Abbe Denis, editor of the *Annales de Philosophie Christienne*, treating of the influence of the Kantian philosophy on religious criticism; that of Mr. Bonet-Maury, and others.

The Congress ended with a banquet of 80 covers in the second story of the Eiffel Tower. That very morning it had been decided to reassemble in 1904, and the present committee was directed to organize an international committee with this in view. Basle and Geneva were talked of as localities for the next reunion. This vote, which was passed almost unanimously, showed that the members were satisfied with the beginning made at Paris. We are glad to call attention to it—it has for so long seemed an established fact that there was no initiative in the domain of religious science outside of Germany. The last year of the nineteenth century will have seen in the field of these special studies a movement started in France at Paris, and under the impulsion of French historians and theologians, which, if it accomplishes all that one has a right to expect of it, will be nothing less than a renewing and broadening of theology, no longer to be based

solely on the study of Judaism and Christianity but on a knowledge of all the religions professed by humanity.

M. E. H.

A MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.—The general officers of the National Woman's Suffrage Association at its recent meeting in Rochester, N. Y., September 1, unanimously adopted the following memorial, which was forwarded to President McKinley. Let the men and women who believe that social purity is the obligation of men and women, do all in their power to add emphasis to the timely memorial:

Whereas, The European system of state regulation of vice has been introduced into Manila by the United States army authorities; therefore,

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against this action, for the following reasons:

1. To issue permits to houses of ill-fame is contrary to good morals, and must impress both our soldiers and the natives as giving official sanction to vice.

2. It is in violation of justice to apply to vicious women compulsory medical measures which are not applied to vicious men.

2. Official regulation of vice, while it lowers the moral tone of the community, everywhere fails to protect the public health. In Paris, the head center of the system, rigid regulation has prevailed for more than a century, yet that city is scourged to a notorious degree by the class of maladies against which regulation is designed to guard, and the Municipal Council of Paris has repeatedly recommended its abolition. England tried it in her garrison towns for the benefit of her soldiers and sailors, and repealed it by a heavy Parliamentary majority, after seventeen years' experience had proved it to be a complete sanitary failure, as well as a fruitful source of demoralization. It has been repealed throughout Switzerland, except in Geneva, and is the object of a strong and growing opposition in every country where it still prevails. State-licensed and state-supervised brothels are contrary to the spirit of American institutions, and in St. Louis, the only city in the United States that ever tried the system, it was abolished at the end of four years with only one dissenting vote in the city council. The United States should not adopt a method that Europe is discarding, nor introduce in our foreign dependencies a system that would not be tolerated at home. We protest in the name of American womanhood; and we believe that this protest represents also the opinion of the best American manhood.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, President.
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PERSONAL.—Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, sends us a word of greeting from over the water, saying: "The Congress d'Histoire des Religions in Paris was a decided success. Over 150 scholars, representing many lands and different religions, were present, discussing in six sections the problems of the religious life of mankind. Paul Carus spoke on "The World's Parliament of Religions" in English. I presented in French a paper on "The Evolution of Religious Life in Arabia Before Mohammed, According to the Inscriptions." It was deeply interesting to meet men like Sabatier, the two Revilles, Bonet-Maury, Bonet, Goldziher, Nauville, and others. Charbonnel was sick, away from Paris." We wait for further information concerning this interesting gathering at Paris, which perpetuated the purpose and realized much of the spirit if not the proportions of the Parliament of Religions.

BROWNING CLASS.—The one in connection with the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, of Chicago, under the leadership of R. A. White, has begun its second year's work. Membership is good-naturedly divided into two classes—i.e., "Stalwarts" and "Intermittents." The "Stalwarts" are "committed to a previous engagement on Browning night." The "Intermittents" are "pleasantly tolerated." The class is to study "Cleon," "The Grammarian's Funeral," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and "other poems bearing on immortality." A large number is enrolled.

MICHIGAN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting will be held on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19, 20, 1900, in the Holland Unitarian church, Grand Rapids. An attractive programme is being prepared and will be announced later.

"GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES
were awarded highest prize at Paris Exposition 1900.

Books Received.

RAND, MCNALLY & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.—Lights of Literature. By grades. Book One, A First Reader, by H. Avis Perdue and Florence E. L. Victoire; Book Two, A Second Reader, by Sarah E. Sprague, Ph. D.; Books Three, Four, Five and Six, revised by Abbey E. Lane.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.—James Martineau; A Biography and Study, by A. W. Jackson, A. M. The Young and Old Puritans of Hatfield, by Mary P. Wells. (Fourth volume in the Young Puritan Series.) $1.25. Four volumes in box, $5.00.

L. C. PAGE & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.—The Strength of Being Clean. A Study of the Quest for Unearned Happiness. A Red Cross Address. By David Starr Jordan.

THOMAS G. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK.—The Religion of a Gentleman. By Charles F. Dole. $1.00.

GEO. M. HILL COMPANY, NEW YORK.—In the Wake of War. A Tale of the South Under Carpet Bagger Administration. By Verne S. Pease.

THE SCHULTE PUBLISHING COMPANY (323-325 Dearborn Street, Chicago).—Momentous Issues: Competition in Business, Stable Price Level, Prosperity and Republic Versus Trusts, Falling Price Level, Depression, Empire, Militarism and Concentration of Wealth. The Evidence Classified and Principles Pointed Out. By George H. Shibley.

The Squirrel.

You may not think the squirrel, of whom you sometimes sing,
Who seems so fond of playing, e'er works at anything;
But if you go a nutting some chilly, Autumn day,
You'll find that Master Squirrel can work as well as play.

—THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

The General Passenger Department of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad has just published for general distribution a very interesting little booklet of forty-eight pages entitled "Enroute to the Southland." In addition to a description of all towns, cities and points of interest along the line between Chicago and Nashville, the booklet contains more or less interesting historic matter of the early days and many of the Indian legends common throughout Illinois, Indiana and Tennessee years ago. The booklet is embellished with several half-tone cuts and a copy will be furnished to any one making application to C. L. Stone, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & E. I. R. R., Chicago.

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